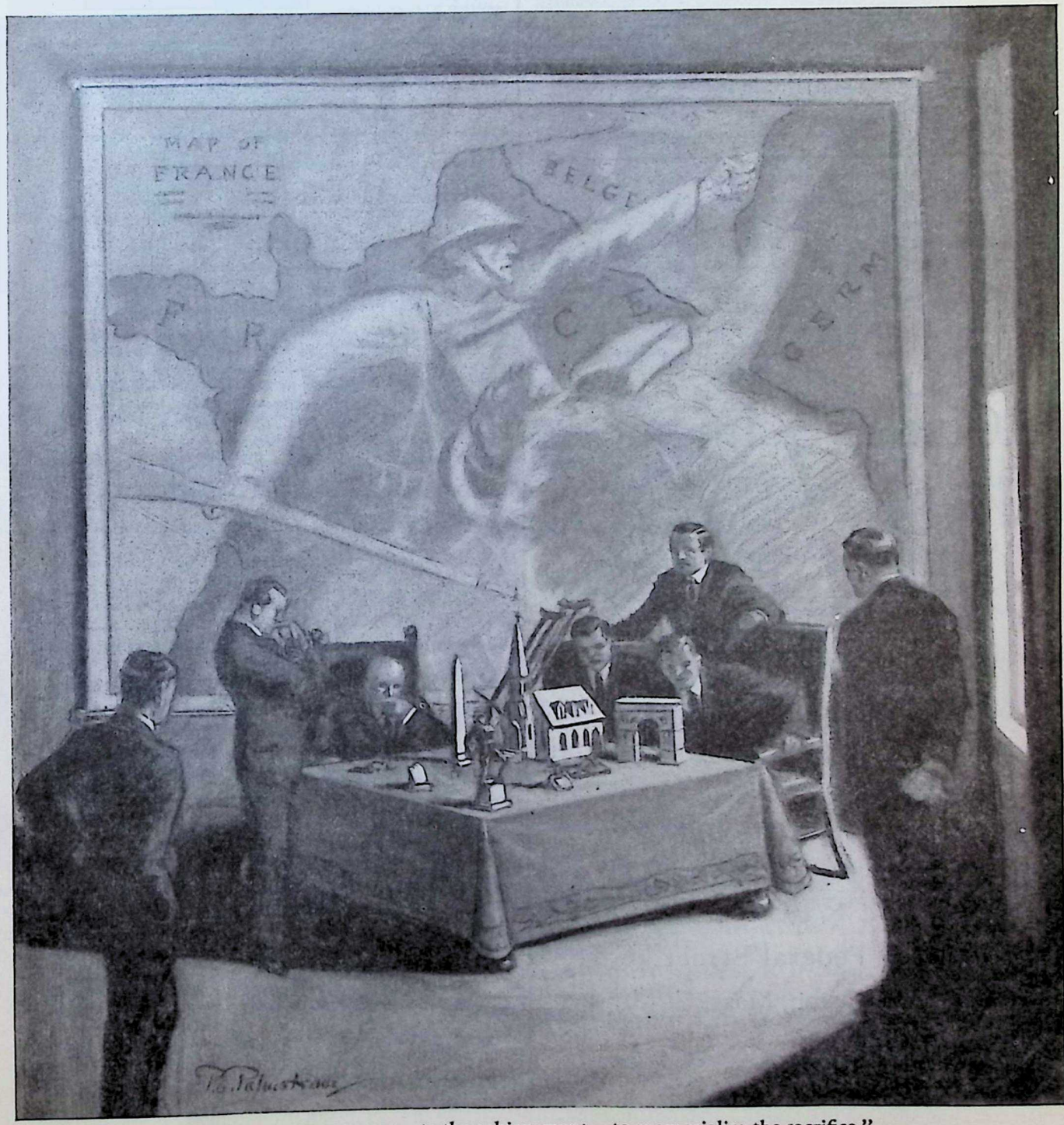
OVERSEAS MEMORIAL NUMBER

Yankee Doings

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS' ASSOCIATION

Vol. VII Boston, Mass Sept., 1926 No. 8



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YANKEE DOINGS

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

YANKEE DIVISION VETERANS ASSOCIATION

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE, BOSTON, MASS.

WILLIAM J. KEVILLE
President

PHILIP N. SANBORN
Secretary and Editor

SUBSCRIPTION FOR NON-MEMBERS OF ASSOCIATION, $1.00 PER YEAR

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION

Send all communications to the Secretary

Entered as second class matter February 20, 1922, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Acceptance for mailing at a special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 8, 1922.

75 cents of the annual dues is applied as subscription to YANKEE DOINGS.

Copy for DOINGS must be in before the First

READY FOR INSPECTION

In preparation for what will doubtless be the biggest social season the Club has ever had, Memorial Hall is being policed for inspection. The painters are at work as this is being written, repainting the entire hall, walls, ceilings and woodwork. New, modern lighting fixtures are being installed in accordance with the recommendations of Julius Daniels (D Co., 101st Engrs.,) who is illuminating engineer of the Edison Company, and one of the best authorities in the country. A portable motion picture booth will be installed to comply with State fire laws and by the middle of September everything will be in readiness for the fall and winter season.

An interesting anecdote in connection with this work took place at the Governing Board meeting which sanctioned the appropriation. Treasurer Eastman wished to go on record, after these many years of guarding every cent in the treasury, and opposing every expenditure unless absolutely vital, as the one to make the motion to grant the appropriation. The pleasure was granted him with much applause.

Sign in front of a playhouse: "Fifty Beautiful Girls. Forty-five Gorgeous Costumes."

Twenty YD vets were injured in the crush the opening night.

BIG TIME COMING

The autumn season of the YD Club of Boston is going to open with the greatest single feature ever attempted. The date will be announced later and all members of the Division who live in New England will receive notice, whether they belong to the Club or not.

Through the good offices of a member of the Board of Governors, it is practically assured that we will have on that night a private view of one of the greatest war motion pictures of all time. In anticipation that the hall at the Club will prove far too small, arrangements have been completed with Col. "Hi" Landon for the use of the Cadet Armory.

Every man who wore the YD is invited. The show will be free, but we hope to get some of the stray sheep back into the Club fold.

There will be a full band, very brief talks by the Old Man and one or two others, a few slides showing where our Memorial is going to be, and—the greatest picture of all time.

Without doubt, it will be the greatest event since the epoch-making night when "The Old Man Stepped Out."

We expect 2,000 men at least. As soon as the date is set, we suggest that the different regiments arrange for regimental or company dinners and march from there to the armory in a body.

This is the time we're going to blow the lid off. Start now steaming up. Watch for the announcement which you will receive by mail.

THANKS, OLD-TIMER

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

That turn in the road pictured in your story "Some Days Weren't So Bad"—or words to that effect—looked very familiar, and in spirit I went back to that particular day and remembered how beautiful things looked and how far the next town seemed.

I enjoyed the last DOINGS very much and was pleased to see so many outfits getting into print. That article of Jack O'Meara's was a corker and I believe it ought to be an annual fixture. I didn't quite get the "Offshoots" stuff—seemed more to me like "Soundings Off" of the old outfits, but I'm very dumb at times. Good thing, giving the Associate Editor a little publicity as well as hard work!

Aug. 14, 1926 —R. M. E.

OUR EXCHANGES

The July number of the "All American," published by the 82d Division Veterans' Association, and edited by A. S. Wilson, whose name is familiar to DOINGS' readers, has reached our desk. It presents its usual attractive form and contains many newsy and well written items as well as some splendid photographs. How our old friend "Arch" Wilson finds time to write stuff for YANKEE DOINGS in addition to getting out his own paper is one of life's mysteries.

A new-comer to the Exchange Editor's desk is the "Westward Ho," published at St. Paul by the Construction Division Association.

BETWEEN OURSELVES

There is a popular saying that a man will walk a mile for his favorite cigarette. But the average man will run a mile when you mention the word "drive." Drives became odious during the war. We were fortunate in being at the front and escaping most of them. Thus we avoided contributing to a fund for trophies for bald Czecho-Slovakians or jazz garters for the Scotch Highlanders. But now we've got to talk about a drive, and you've got to like it.

* * * *

About 45,000 men served at one time or another in the 26th Division. At Y. D. V. A. Headquarters there is a roster of 30,000 names. Over 20,000 of these are accompanied by correct addresses. Yet—the membership of the YD Club of Boston, all classes, has never reached half that number. What is the answer?

* * * *

Before going into that, let's look on the bright side of things a minute. The Club owns its clubhouse, free and clear. It has no outstanding bills. It has a substantial bank balance. It is constantly improving the quarters, cleaning, painting, renovating the rooms, and adding to the comfort of the members. It has a guaranteed income from leased portions of the building, sufficient to cover all running expenses. The present membership is constant, increasing a little, if anything. It is destined to be a permanent institution as long as any of us is living. Its affairs are in the hands of a Board of Governors comprised of men of the highest calibre and unselfishness. Its members are loyal, self-respecting, and eager boosters. Why doesn't the membership grow faster?

* * * *

Our answer is: first, ignorance. Ignorance either of the very existence of the Club or else of its prosperous, well-managed and orderly condition. And second: inertia. You know, "Going to join sometime, haven't got around to it." "Always seem to have some other way for the money to go." Arguments of that sort. Those are the two conditions we've got to overcome, and when we say "we" we mean you as much as anyone. It is not so difficult to overcome ignorance. Bring some non-member to a smoker or two. Send him an occasional copy of DOINGS. If the Club means anything to you, tell him why.

* * * *

To overcome the second cause, inertia, the Club has placed a premium on prompt action. The initiation fee has been removed until November 1st. Now is the time for signing up. After November 1st, it will cost twice as much.

* * * *

You are loyal to the organization. If you weren't you wouldn't be reading this. What can you do? Stretch your loyalty another notch and get a new member before October 1st. Even if it means a little real work.

* * * *

We can't do it all alone. Give us a hand, will you?

THEN AND NOW

"By Diablo"

From a recently published editorial in the "Liberty Magazine" the following letter addressed to General Grant from Abraham Lincoln should be of interest to all ex-soldiers.

The Letter:

> "My son, now in his twenty-second year, having graduated from Harvard, wishes to see something of the war before it ends. I DO NOT wish to put him in the ranks, nor yet to give him a commission to which those who have served long are more entitled and better qualified to hold. Could he, without embarrassment to you or detriment to the service, go into your military family, with some nominal rank, I, and not the public furnishing the necessary means? If not, say so without hesitation."

This letter refers to Abraham Lincoln's son, Robert Lincoln, who recently died. It is an extremely odd insight into the workings of the Great Emancipator's mind. His son, we can judge, was about 18 years of age when the Civil War began, and while thousands were volunteering and being drafted, the President's own son remained in calm seclusion within the aged walls of Harvard University. At the completion of his studies he requests an opportunity to observe WAR. He did not offer his services to the country which so badly needed every man to do his share to preserve the Union from the conflict which was racking the very bulwarks of these United, but at that time divided, States.

I might add, that Robert Lincoln was immediately given a commission of Captain, by Grant.

In the late conflict, doubtless, there were many who adopted measures to escape military service, but the average middle class citizen who has always, and always will be, the bulwark of civilization, always stands ready to sacrifice all in the faith of his fathers. Times have changed and many of our prominent families can hold their heads high after the World War, and softly say, "I gave my all." What more fitting epitaph could there be than that to him who has gone and kept the "Rendezvous with Death." We who know, we who have been faithful to the trust handed down by our fathers, find peace and contentment in knowing we were ready and went without question.

It seems but fair to say a word on the other side of this question. Probably no man throughout the annals of history carried a greater burden of responsibility and anguish on his shoulders than Abraham Lincoln. It has been said, and to us it seems a plausible explanation, that the President felt that the added anxiety which would constantly hover over him, the dreadful suspense of having his own son subject to instant death or great suffering was more than he felt called upon to bear. To him the duties of his office and to his people came first. In order to be best able to carry on those duties, he believed that he was doing no wrong in seeking to avoid the pangs of personal grief.

—EDITOR DOINGS

CONGRATULATIONS

A daughter, Innocence, was born on April 8, to Mr. and Mrs. ANTHONY PAUL COLANO, of Hartford, Conn.

WE STARTED SOMETHING!

LIKES "BETWEEN OURSELVES"

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

Congratulations upon your editorial in the July-August number of YANKEE DOINGS! I, too, am one of those—now called—fool idealists who thought from the beginning that our country was to do its share in the war; that, pending the arrival of our men, it was to help with its money; and that all was poured into the common coffer; that, in fact, we were trying by that means to tell our allies that we sympathized with their more terrible losses. It wasn't until long after the Armistice that I saw that I was wrong, and that the United States was demanding payment in full.

Of course, I know that our pin-headed politicians in Washington, with their ears to the ground, feel that the people as a whole demand payment, and that they are but voicing the general sentiment; and I know that the terms are camouflaged to make it appear that we are calling for the payment of post-war debts only. But the fact remains that we are gouging out every cent that every individual Ally is capable of paying, and that the only parts of the debt forgiven are those that could not be collected anyway. Furthermore, most thoughtful men admit that the present schedule will not be followed for long and that in a few years the whole thing will be wiped off the books. Why can't it be done now, when such action will do the most good?

I doubt if the majority of the service men are in favor of the way our Allies are being treated. Their opinion commands respect in Washington, and the most constructive work that they can engage in at present is that of securing considerate treatment of our former friends.

It has been said of veterans that they live wholly in the past instead of living for the future. A few more expressions of sane and progressive thinking, like that in the editorial mentioned, will make it clear, even to men like Borah, that our only use of the past is for pleasurable reminiscence and lessons learned, and that the past is being used to make the future secure.

—F. N. (BUCK) WEAVER
(F Co., 101st Engrs.)

Tufts College, August 16.

THE OPPOSITE VIEW

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

I have read my copy of the July-August DOINGS with a great deal of interest as usual, and I hesitate to criticise in any way the wonderful work done by the boys who get it out. Frankly, though, I think that little editorial "Between Ourselves" on the French Debt is all wet. If printed at all, it should have been run as a communication, over the signature of the author and not as an editorial.

My own personal opinion is that France has been treated very generously in the matter of debts to the United States. She should pay every cent specified in the latest agreement.

The World War wasn't our fight. We had nothing to gain by going in and little to lose (except money already loaned) by staying out. I never could see any sense to the argument that Germany would come over after us when she had polished off England and France. France wasn't holding the Boche away from our door,—she was fighting for her own life. This country paid, and paid lavishly, for everything it got from France. And while we're on that subject, do you recall how the price of champagne went from 4 fr. to 12 fr. in a little over a week?

We sometimes allow ourselves to be carried away by our own enthusiastic idealism, especially when we speak of the "awakened understanding in the breasts of comrades-at-arms."

But, after all, I don't think all the frogs are dodgers. Twenty thousand is a small number. You could find that many in any of several American cities who would parade for or against almost anything. There was even a YD man in that infamous pacifist parade in Boston last Armistice Day.

—RAY QUEENIN (102d Inf.)

Washington, D. C., August 18, 1926.

ANOTHER IN FAVOR

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

I am tremendously pleased at your attitude regarding the French debt settlement, as expressed in the column "Between Ourselves" in the August number. I have had the firm conviction all along that this would be the attitude of all of the old YD men who were closely associated with the French, and I believe the same is true of the other combat outfits.

Isn't there some way that we can effectively spread this gospel?

—LAWRENCE G. MILLER (B Co., 103d M. G. Bn.)

St. Louis, Mo., August 19.

CRITICAL OF US

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:

With much regret I note that the editorial department of DOINGS is publishing comments on the disturbances now occurring over in France. Would it not be better for this department to turn its activities to some other channel of thought, and then if there be some truth in all that is published in the papers, let us remember France as we saw it, and remember the good we encountered, forgetting the bad. It is a propensity of writers of scareheads always to enlarge on any occurrence that will place the matter in the public eye. If we delved more deeply into the matter, no doubt we would find that the major trouble is brought about by correspondents who have to secure sensational news to get their editor to allow it even to pass to the composing room. It is quite clearly set forth if one desires to look more deeply into the matter that the majority of the slams about Shylock and tight Uncle Sam originate in the fertile brains of our English contemporaries. Why? Because the English pound is now normal, brought about by their astute statesmen making a more wise decision than the French to pay both external and internal debts as contracted. Let them alone and soon they will realize that we remain the same staunch and true friends that we always were.

—"Diablo"

CITATION

After you have read through this number of DOINGS, have noted the progress of the Memorial Fund, wondered why it doesn't grow faster, and kept your check book in your pocket; after you have perhaps looked in vain for some news of your old outfit, recalled some item which would be of interest, and then neglected to write it in; after you have laid the paper aside to wait until the next one comes out,—we ask you to think what these men are doing for the glory of the YD.

General John H. Sherburne is the senior partner of a big law firm. Every minute of every day is taken up with business, business which often takes him to other parts of the country. He holds office on many boards and committees. Yet, last year when the Yankee Division Veterans Association called upon him to take the Chairmanship of the Overseas Memorial Committee, with the arduous work which such an office would entail, his answer was, "Yes." And he is going through with it.

Colonel "Billy" Keville is President of the Yankee Division Veterans Association. He has a private business which requires personal attention. He is U. S. Marshal, no small job. He too is a trustee or director of various organizations. Yet, when he was President of the YD Club of Boston, he never missed a meeting of the Board of Governors. He is going to France in September. But, in order to be present at a meeting of the Executive Committee he recently broke a previous engagement on a night less than a week before sailing.

Col. Carroll Swan is President of the YD Club of Boston. He is also Commander of the Crosscup-Pishon Post, A. L. He is identified with putting across more functions, veteran and otherwise, than anyone we ever knew. Yet he is giving the best that's in him to the Club, running bigger and better smokers, attending all Board Meetings and boosting morale in every field of Club activities.

Elliott K. Hale is Secretary-Treasurer of the 103d Infantry Veterans Association. He seldom or never gets into Boston to visit the Club. Yet, every month he shoots along a column or so of copy for DOINGS. The 103d is scattered about as widely as any of the old outfits, but he seems able to dig them up and makes the effort to do so. Not only that, but every now and then he slips in a signed application of a new member.

Phil Palmstrom, whose art has adorned YANKEE DOINGS covers, lo, these many months, is engaged in a business that cannot hire its work done by someone else. He has built up a business that would do credit to a man of many years practice. And there are three young replacements to keep in fighting trim. Yet he has found time, month after month, to produce a cover design for our paper without a cent in return. And he has never refused a request.

We could continue for quite a while. There's Ralph Eastman, Treasurer of the Club since it was formed, whose canny financial instinct has brought us up to where we are. Bill SnYDer, whose management of the Club has winnowed the wheat from the chaff, making it one of the best conducted clubs in the city, and many others whose interest and enthusiasm has been perpetual.

This is written with a two-fold purpose, to give credit where credit is due, and to let you know that there is plenty of room for those whose interest in the YD requires a field for action.

BROCKTON CHAPTER

No meeting was called by our chapter in July and at the August call only three of the faithful showed up. What is the trouble? We've fed 'em, we've had speakers, we have a dandy place to meet and our dues are small. What t'ell do you want anyway? Can anyone give us a sure-fire way to get the signature on the dotted line and then get 'em out to a meeting? Personally, I'm about ready to throw up the sponge and it has been suggested by some of the faithful that we disband and give up our charter. Out of a city with over a hundred eligibles we have nineteen paid members. Now ain't that one peach of a showing? Come on, you Brockton buddies, snap out of it!

Lt. A. ROY LATHAM and Sgt. MAURICE THOMPSON, formerly of 101st Amm. Train, now of Btty. E, 101st F. A., have returned from a tour of duty at Camp Devens.

ROY NEWCOMB who works for the Socony outfit can now be found in charge of a station at the junction of Snell and Howard Sts., in the Montello district.

PERCY L. COVERT (Hdqts. 101st F. A.) spent his vacation at Newfoundland Lake, Bristol, N. H.

FRANK BROWN (B Btty. 101st F. A.) has left the Crawford Greenhouses where he was employed and was last reported as being in Topsfield.

Our President, WM. L. HALLETT, has also left Brockton. Bill has taken up a billet at 320 Thatcher St., Milton, Mass., and is in command of the Milton Cloverdale Store.

At the Brockton July 4th celebration, Btty. E, 101st F.A. (M.N.G.) fired the 21 guns in Legion Parkway. Many broken windows were the result. Maurice Thompson loaded the charges used. Nuf Ced.

Many of the 101st Engineers in this neck of the woods are wondering where their histories are. Push 'em along, brother, I can't hold 'em forever and you know what Engineers are when they break loose.

Anyone interested in reaching LEROY J. HOFFMAN can do so by dropping him a line Care of Fort Screven, Ga., where he is top-kick of Co. A, 8th Infantry. Guess Roy likes canned Bill and Bugles.

ART FORTIER is turning the crank at the Socony Station at Crescent and Summer Sts., and ERNEST TORREY is on the road selling lubricants for the same concern. Guess John D. must like the YD.

A buddy in a car with California plates drove up to Newcomb's station the other day and asked for ROY LATHAM. Newcomb was so darn busy pumping gas he forgot to ask the Buddy his name.

Cards have been received at the Armory from Maurice Thompson who is touring New Hampshire on his vacation.

ANTHONY WADGALIS has married and moved to Bridgewater. Perhaps that's why he isn't present at meetings any more.

THOMPSON and COVERT are sporting YD emblems on the radiators of their "lizzies." Get in line boys. There's lots more of them for sale at the Boston Club for $1.50 each. Covert will be glad to take your buck and a half and get one for you.

KARL WHITE has taken up a new billet at 92 Wilder St.

Wonder what's become of our Auxiliary?

Send any news of Brockton buddies to the Secretary of the Brockton Chapter, PERCY L. COVERT, 215 Market St., Campello, Mass.

—P. L. C.

SOME DAYS WERE NOT SO GOOD

By Philip N. Sanborn

After "Some Days were Not So Bad" appeared last month, we were accused of being an optimist. So here goes.

Some days were not so good.

They called it a Rest Camp. Try and get a laugh out of that. We hiked five days to get there, and rest was what we were looking for, nothing else but.

It was March and we were welcomed into Adrian barracks with nice frozen mud floors and bunks tastefully decorated with white frost. The soup gun was stuck in the mud somewhere on the road. There was only one cafe and that was closed. The village was suffering from a hay famine and anyhow, the bedsacks had gone A. W. O. L. weeks before. So we scraped off the frost, piled it neatly under the bunks and climbed in on the boards in full uniform, including gas-masks and roundabouts, with blankets, overcoats and shelter halves piled on top.

The next morning the "rest" commenced with an inspection. This was followed by four more of the same during the day. Between times we lugged supplies from barrack to barrack and back again, stopping to haul each other out of the mud. Picks, shovels, marmite cans, bully-beef, G. I. cans, ammunition, boxes of clothing and shoes—the main idea was to move them from wherever they were to whereever they were not.

Three days of this. Cheer up. We'd soon have that rest. Things were beginning to be cleared up. Then came rumors of returning to the line. Joe L — was usually erratic, but when he began to talk of going back to the front he was always infallible. Sure enough. At evening formation came the orders. Reveille was to be at 4.00 A. M! We were to entrain in trucks at 6.00.

That night we turned in early. About 10.30 a figure bearing a lantern came poking into the barrack. The top-sergeant. A detail! Our hearts sank,—those of us who were awakened. He was a fair sort of a bird, and he had been picking details for three days by choosing the squads in rotation down to the foot of the company and then starting over. It was our turn. "Fifth squad,—rise and shine! Sorry fellows, a little job that won't take long. Report down to the Train barracks, they've got a loading job."

Cursing, swearing and beseeching were of no avail. With candles on iron hats dimly lighting a small circle in the midst of the otherwise dark barrack,—to the music of assorted snores, we pulled on soaking wet socks and shoes. The drumming of rain on the roof told us what to expect outside.

"Tiens, tiens, c'est la guerre." Out into the still blacker and wetter night. "The Engineers, the Engineers***." The old unprintable song broke forth. Might as well make the best of it. Little rivers down the folds of the slickers dripped gently into shoes and off the ends of fingers. "Squdge, squdge," the hobnails pulled out of the mud at each step.

At the other end of the village stood the Train barracks. Lanterns on upturned kegs, half-lighted a veritable sea of mud, upon which and in which scores of indistinct silhouettes toiled laboriously back and forth, stooped with the burdens they carried. Muffled or shouted imprecations filled the air. Kegs of mule shoes, kegs of nails, anvils, hammers, all the hardware in the A. E. F. had chosen this spot, this night and this hour to be moved. Hour after hour, backs lame and breaking, mud deeper and wetter, rain increasing, hands black and slippery. The chug of a camion, whose load was complete, pulling off into the darkness, the complaining whine of an empty one backing up to receive its burden. Heavy crates falling from the shoulders of stumbling men to be pried from the sticky mud and carried on. Midnight, one o'clock, still the rain.

One-thirty and the job was done. Back to the barrack. No dry clothes. To lie until 4.00 o'clock listening to the drumming of the rain.

"Rise and shine." Still inky black. Roll packs. Back to the line.

Some days were not so good.

"GOOD BYE, GOOD LUCK,—"

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:—

In a recent issue of a well known magazine a writer calls attention to the departure from Halifax harbor enroute to France of his transport, and to my mind he recalls a fact that caused many a man sailing out of that Harbor during wartime to wonder.

I do recall quite vividly our sojourn of several days awaiting convoy, and the short spells we were allowed to go out in the rowboats, also the farewell send-off of the war ships gathered in the harbor, but those three women who lived away up on the hillside in a little house were the last people ashore to bid us *bon voyage*. It was early in the morning when we got up steam and slowly we moved down the harbor through an armada of war ships of different nations. Nearly all of them were dressed in gala attire such as the ships of the sea always wear on momentous occasions, with their bands playing and the sailors cheering as we headed for the sea. Busy as we were watching the ships of different nations, suddenly our attention was focused on a distant hill from which we could see someone wig-wagging to us. Our signal men got glasses and could observe very clearly three women, one of whom was sending a message which read, "Good bye, Good luck, God bless you." At that time someone remembered previous departures and told us that never a ship bearing soldiers for Europe left Halifax harbor without these women sending this message.

We were all very curious to know who they were, and many a letter was sent back to Halifax asking who they might be, but never a reply was received. We finally did receive a report that all three were killed in the explosion which wrecked the harbor a short time after. If anyone knows who they were and whether they are still living, the writer will appreciate any information that may be given.

—"Diablo"

ANNUAL TOUR OF DUTY OF THE 103d INFANTRY

By Elliott K. Hale

"To you—we throw the torch; be yours to hold it high"

The 103d Infantry, Maine National Guard, which was in Camp Keyes, Augusta, Maine, from July 24 to August 9th, held a "Veterans Day" August 1st, and invited all the old members of the 103d of the 26th Division to be their guests for the day. About 175 of the old-timers turned out. The regiment had a series of events for the entertainment of the crowd, which kept everyone pretty much interested all day long.

The morning was spent in renewing old acquaintances, the main center of attraction being Col. Hume who was the guest of honor of the day. The war was fought all over again from every angle from Colonel to mule skinner and from regimental front to the cook-shack raids. A good many of the boys have put on quite a bit of weight since the old days and it was hard to recognize them in their civies. Many of the old men are still in the service with the 103d and among them were BRIG. GENERAL GREENLAW, ADJ. GEN. HARISON, LT. COL. BISBEE, LT. COL. MARSTON, MAJOR BOWEN, MAJOR METCALF, CAPT. JOHN BOWLER, CAPT. HEALY, CAPT. BURBANK, CAPT. SPRAGUE, LT. EARL COOPER, LT. DANIEL SMART, LT. VERLE SWEATT, LT. JOHN DROTTAN, LT. HENRY LEFEBRE, LT. FRED ARSENAULT, LT. LINWOOD CARROLL, SGT. ARCHIE CLARK, CONNIE ARSENAULT, SGT. WALTER LESSARD, SHERIFF MARKHAM.

There was one army call which the boys never forgot and that was, "Soupie"—and when that call sounded, a sergeant was detailed from each company to round up the old-timers and take them to their former company for mess.

After a plentiful dinner came the Regimental Review with COL. HUME at the post of honor. The regiment headed by Col. BIGELOW and Lt. Col. BISBEE passed in review. It was a very impressive review and one which the "Old Man" will never forget.

The balance of the afternoon was devoted to a varied program from calisthenic drills to a circus with all the thrills of a wild west show. There was some good riding, acrobatic work, a game of push ball, polo, and other things too numerous to mention. Mellie Dunham, the World's Champion Fiddler, was present and was escorted around the ring much to the delight of all.

After the events were over, the former 103d men repaired to Brigade Headquarters where a short business meeting was held with Pres. GREENLAW presiding. The question of the YD Memorial was explained and several other matters taken up. A vote of thanks was given the new 103d for the good time that everyone had.

The following officers were re-elected:—

Pres. ALBERT GREENLAW; 1st Vice-Pres. ROY MARSTON; 2d Vice-Pres., WILLIAM SOUTHARD; Sec-Treas., ELLIOTT K. HALE.

It is hoped that in another year we can have a real big reunion and that all the boys will be present. The secretary is trying to get a complete list of all the old members and it would be a great help if all the men would send in their name, unit, address, death notice of any of their former buddies, and anything of general interest. Send to E. K. Hale, Lisbon Falls, Maine.

It looked natural to see COL. HUME in uniform once more. The Colonel is planning a trip to France in the spring in company with his daughter.

The new 103d Infantry showed the result of its efficient training under LT. COL. BISBEE.

GREGORY KELLY came all the way from "Watterville" to see the boys.

SGT. MAJOR JIM MCMAHON of the Editorial Staff of the "Waterville Sentinel" did not take the prize for coming the longest distance, but would have captured the prize for being the "heftiest."

WILFRED BOUDREAU is in the electrical business at Waterville.

EARL COOPER is now a lieutenant in the Augusta Company.

ARCHIE CLARKE is also back in the service as top kick of the Millinocket Company.

All the Supply Co. sergeants were present, including DINTY MOORE, MAURICE PRATT, HARRY HOPKINS, BILL HARLEY, BILL WALDRON, ALONZO TIBBETTS, FRANK TURCOTTE, and EDWARD DUGAN.

Mechanic W. A. SAVAGE (Hdq. Co.) is still laid up with his leg which he fractured last winter.

JOHN HOPKINS (Medic.) is located at Lakeland, Florida, at the Lakeland Terrace Hotel.

SGT. RAYMOND TORREY (M. G. Co.) is selling farm machinery in the northern part of Maine.

"CONNIE" ARSENAULT (M. G. Co.) was one of the clowns in the regimental circus. Connie used to entertain us with his "Undertaker's Song" which won several Y. M. C. A. contests both in Borden and Liffol-le-Grand.

JOHN CANTY (M. G. Co.) is in the typewriter business these days.

CHARLIE HUSKINS (M. G. Co.) is still in the automobile game in Portland,

BOB EVANS made the trip from Dexter to see the boys once more.

Some time this month or next, Col. Hume is going to present a set of colors to the N. H. boys at Concord and all the old men who can ought to make a special effort to be present. The date will be announced later.

We all extend our heartfelt sympathy to CAPT. JOHN BOWLER, formerly of Co. C, in his recent loss of his wife and son which took place July 24th.

As this is going to press at once, we must close now and will continue in our next. Send all your news items in and let's have a good page every month.

—E. K. H.

ENGLISH AS SHE ARE WROTE

The following is a true copy of a note received by a friend of mine from her colored laundress who had discovered a mysterious surplus of handkerchiefs in the wash.

"Mrs. P—you said hand twice I put in 4 of yourse and I am sending too with name I don't no ar they yourse."

"Every man give one day's pay"

LET'S TALK TURKEY

The YD Overseas Memorial Committee has been getting down to brass tacks. It has come to the point when the many nebulous ideas of what and where our memorial should be are taking more tangible and concrete form.

It is somewhat difficult to stir up unbounded enthusiasm over an air castle; it is even more so to touch the pocketbooks of men by offering them nothing but abstract generalizations.

What the average YD man wants to know is, "What is this Memorial going to be?" "Where is it going to be located?" When he gets those two pictures in his mind—and combines them into one—he will be much more ready to send in his one day's pay.

The Committee has some very definite ideas to offer. It wants to find out what you think of them.

Bill Blake and Slater Washburn went to France. Bill tells the story of their trip in another part of this article. They were royally received. The comradship of our friends overseas has in no way become lessened. They returned filled with a new enthusiasm, born of the contact with old scenes and familiar faces. They brought back pictures, some of which are reprinted here, of sites which they felt would be suitable for the memorial. They also conceived several ideas of the memorial itself.

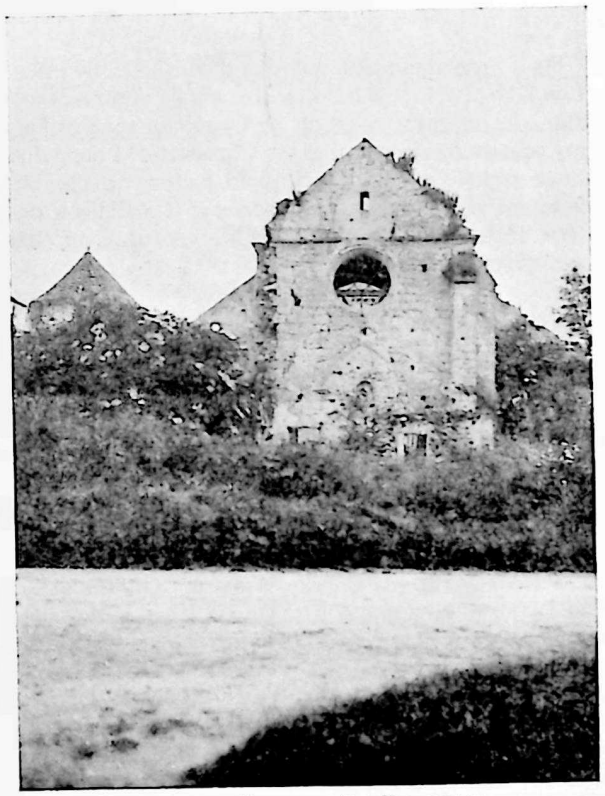
Among these one stands out as the most unusual and in many respects, the most interesting. In considering it, we ask the readers of YANKEE DOINGS not to depend too much on their first reaction. Think it over.

Since the armistice brought peace to the wheat fields north of the Marne, the inhabitants of the villages of Belleau and Givry have returned to their native hearths; where such hearths could be found amongst the ruins. In a small degree the government has aided them to rebuild their homes. The 13th century village church in Belleau was destroyed, partly by the gunfire of our Division. The people of the two villages unite in worship in a wooden barrack. Churches come last on the list for which government funds are available. The idea has been proposed and has met with considerable approval, that the 26th Division, *as one part of its memorial*, rebuild this village church, exactly as it was built in the 13th century. In it would be placed suitable tablets bearing the names of our dead. It might be possible for each unit of the Division to have a memorial window. It has been suggested that a tablet be placed in front of the church which should tell briefly the story of its rebuilding.

It is by no means believed that this project, if carried out, should be the sole aim, or even the major aim of our activity. It would represent in as noble and lofty a manner as may be the *sacrifices* of the Division. But its *achievements* demand something else,—a shaft or a monument on some hill-top.

Before vetoing this conception, as some readers may be tempted to do, consider the arguments in its favor. The village of Belleau was taken by the 26th Division. Its people remember that. There is located the great American cemetery. It is a spot Americans will visit through all future ages. What other memorial can endure through those ages? What other memorial will have the tender and loving care which those simple folk will lavish on their beloved church? What other memorial could so well create the spirit of reverence so desirable in those who come to stand on the spot where New England shed its blood?

The village churches of France are the property of the communes. The church, as such, owns no property. The church is more than a church, it is a communal center. For the simple and beautiful faith of the people of rural France, the writer, who is not of that faith, has nothing but admiration.



RUINED CHURCH IN BELLEAU

There should be no rocks there upon which to split, especially if it be carried out as only one part of our program. But—it is your memorial—what do you think of it?

The cost of rebuilding this church, using some of the present stones, would not be more than $25,000, two-thirds of the total for the erection of some battle monument or shaft, at some spot where the visitor might see spread before him the historic field of Chateau Thierry. What such a monument should be has not been determined, but that there should be one in addition to the church—if the church is rebuilt—seems to be a unanimous opinion.

The following letter from Viscomte D'Azy, who was liaison officer of the 51st I. A. Brigade, presents a far stronger and more graphic analysis of the situation than we are able to present.

THE LETTER

To Captain Blake
600 Washington St., Boston, Mass.
Dear Captain:

As a conclusion to our very satisfactory discussions in regard to the Memorial of the 26th Division, Major du Boisrouvray and I wish to be the first to express to the Committee the gratitude of our countrymen whose most sincere desire is continually to strengthen the bonds of our dearly cherished Franco-American friendship, and to implant in the hearts of all future Frenchmen the memory of those admirable American Divisions, whose 26th was such a model of bravery and whose boys were so imbued with that noble spirit of "Carry on."

As a Frenchman and member of the YD, my intention is to give here a brief resume of the various points and conclusions arrived at, and you can then explain my suggestions in detail to the Committee. I hope that these conclusions will prove satisfactory to the YD veterans as well as to the Citizens of the Belleau district. But, after all, to quote the Maire of Belleau: "He who gives chooses his gift."

I. MONUMENT

To my mind, a monument should combine the following characteristics: PERSONALITY—IMPORTANCE OF THE LOCATION FROM A TACTICAL POINT OF VIEW—GOOD POINT OF OBSERVATION—LOCATION ON ROAD OF TOURISTS—ECONOMY.

I am convinced that the best selection for such a monument is a *SMALL* piece of land on the Belleau Ch. Thierry road at the corner of the road branching off to Bouresches, and this for the following reasons:

1. PERSONALITY—If Belleau Wood is to represent the 2d Division, a monument on the spot just mentioned, especially if it is to be a soldier marching toward the east, will characterize the Division that broke through the German lines and advanced 18 kilometers.
2. TACTICS—It is just below this spot that the Infantry reached their first objective, sheltering themselves under the track of a narrow-gauge railway from a heavy German raking fire.
3. OBSERVATION—This spot would also be a very good observation point, right in the center of the YD sector, for those interested in studying the proceedings of the attack; for the view extends all along the edge of Belleau Wood, Village and Cemetery, the flag of which can be seen from here.
4. TOURISTS—This place is on the road which all tourists take going from Belleau to Chateau Thierry, and if the dimensions and color of the monument are properly selected in view of its standing out against a dark green background, it will easily be seen from any part of the Cemetery, and from the edge of Belleau Wood.
5. ECONOMY—There is a common feeling among the population of the devastated regions against the erection of expensive monuments, their utility being very questionable when so many houses are still to be rebuilt on very reduced allowances from the French Government. The population of Chateau Thierry, for instance, was greatly surprised at the two million francs spent on a monument of no particular artistic value, erected by the 3d Division, when it only cost one and a half million to rebuild the big bridge over the Marne. If a monument is to be erected, my advice is to have a simple one and to use most of the credit in the rebuilding of Belleau church.

BELLEAU CHURCH AS IT IS TODAY

Other locations for a monument do not combine the above characteristics. The idea of building a park on the main road overlooking Chateau Thierry would, in my opinion, be a repetition of the mistake made by the 3d Division. Prices asked for the land are much too high, the proportion being at least 10 to 1; besides very few tourists or citizens who live two kilometers away would profit by it.

It might also be advisable to erect a small monument at Hattonchatel to commemorate the only American Division which cut the St. Mihiel Salient starting from the North, and captured the "Haut de Meuse," on which Hattonchatel occupied a dominant position.

II. RESTORATION OF BELLEAU CHURCH

As regards this, the Maire, voicing the opinion of the citizens of Belleau, and, as I understand, the Bishop of Soissons himself, are most enthusiastic over a possible restoration of the old 13th century church which was practically entirely destroyed by gunfire, and would do everything in their power to help the committee. Of course, their idea is to rebuild the church on the same spot, but they would not object to having it transferred to another place. As a matter of fact, I would advise having a new church erected opposite the entrance of the Cemetery. Some of the stones of

the old church would be available, but if in building the new church, it is decided to reproduce exactly the lines of the old one, it seems a shame to tear down these few remaining stones, which have so great a sentimental and historical value, unless it be to transfer whole motives of architecture intact. It is, of course, understood that the architect would not bother to transfer the very poor additions of the last two centuries.

The following advantages are seen in this project:

1. Accessibility to visitors. This condition is the most important and tends to favor the abandonment of the old site, which is on a narrow impracticable road, quite a distance from the American Cemetery. On the other hand, if the new church is opposite the gate of the big Aisne-Marne Cemetery where the names of so many YD men are inscribed on white crosses, visitors can enter the church and there read the inscriptions referring to the various deeds of the Division.

2. In the church, every regiment of the Division could donate a window in stained glass bearing its Coat of Arms, and representing some incident in its War history. (I would advise that the designs should be made in America and the windows executed in France.) Private donors could contribute windows and gifts such as statues, pictures, etc.

3. For seven centuries the old Church was kept in excellent condition by the proud Citizens of Belleau, so there is no reason why they should not continue their good work with the New Church. Let us hope that the YD Church will never meet with the tragic fate of her less fortunate sister, and that seven centuries from now, she will still be standing, the history of the Division engraved in her stones. Who knows what will have become of other monuments at that time, and if they will still mean something? The YD Church, however, kept up by her ever grateful citizens, can never face ruin nor neglect, and may even prove to be the last and only supporter of the land where so many New England heroes lie at rest.

III. Proposals

I propose that a sub-committee should be appointed in France to work in "LIAISON" with the American Committee, the object being to carry out their desires over there.

I suggest that an official competition between architects should be started through the French Chamber of Architects, as soon as the decisions and preliminary steps are taken. This procedure brings about better results as far as prices go; and in choosing a French architect selected from among those having made the most satisfactory studies, the Committee will be able to avoid any over-charging by French contractors, whom only French architects know how to handle.

Another suggestion is to have a French translation with every inscription, and to refer to the Division as: "DIVISION DE NOUVELLE-ANGLETERRE."

Personally, I shall always be delighted to help the Committee as much as I can, and I place myself at its entire disposal.

Yours very sincerely,

C. Benoit D'Azy

5, rue Copernic-Paris
le ler Juillet, 1926.

Turn back to the cover of this month's Doings. Note how the artist has caught the spirit of the thing. Whatever form it takes it will be our memorial. What part of it will be yours? Have you done your share?

Colonel Keville has sailed for France, with the authority of the Memorial Committee to investigate further the cost and feasibility of rebuilding the church at Belleau, as well as to consult concerning the design of the monument.

Meanwhile, think it over. Then let us know what you think.

Choosing the Site

By Captain "Bill" Blake

It is all right to buy land in Florida which you have never seen if you want to, but you cannot erect a War Memorial in France unless somebody has seen the site; because no self-respecting architect would think of designing a memorial unless he knew what the surroundings were like. That is the reason why the Site Committee of the YD Overseas Memorial sent Slater Washburn and me to France last June, with directions to visit every sector the YD fought in and to reconnoiter good sites for the memorial, not only from the viewpoint of natural surroundings, but also from the viewpoint of the French authorities and the owners of the property; for all of you remember how much a bush was worth in the eyes of a French farmer in the winter of 1918 or 1919, when we took it for firewood.

So we shoved off aboard the "Berengaria" on June 3d. What a contrast to the banana boats of 1917! Instead of tiers of bunks down with the bilge water and cockroaches, we had a swimming pool with our own "Trudie" giving exhibitions daily, elevators, a tip-hungry Limey at your elbow every minute to do our "dog robbing," and instead of

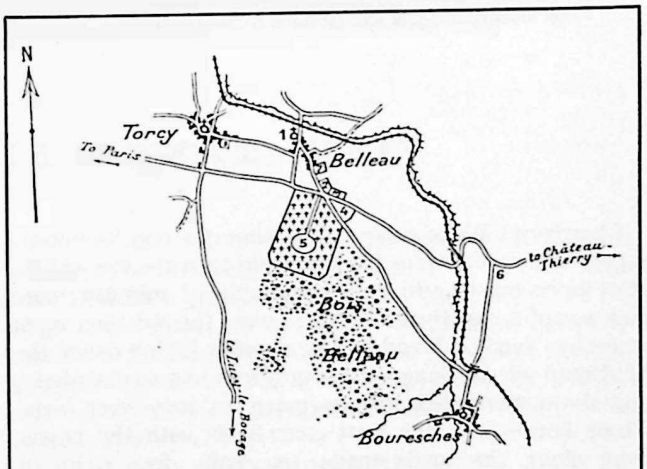
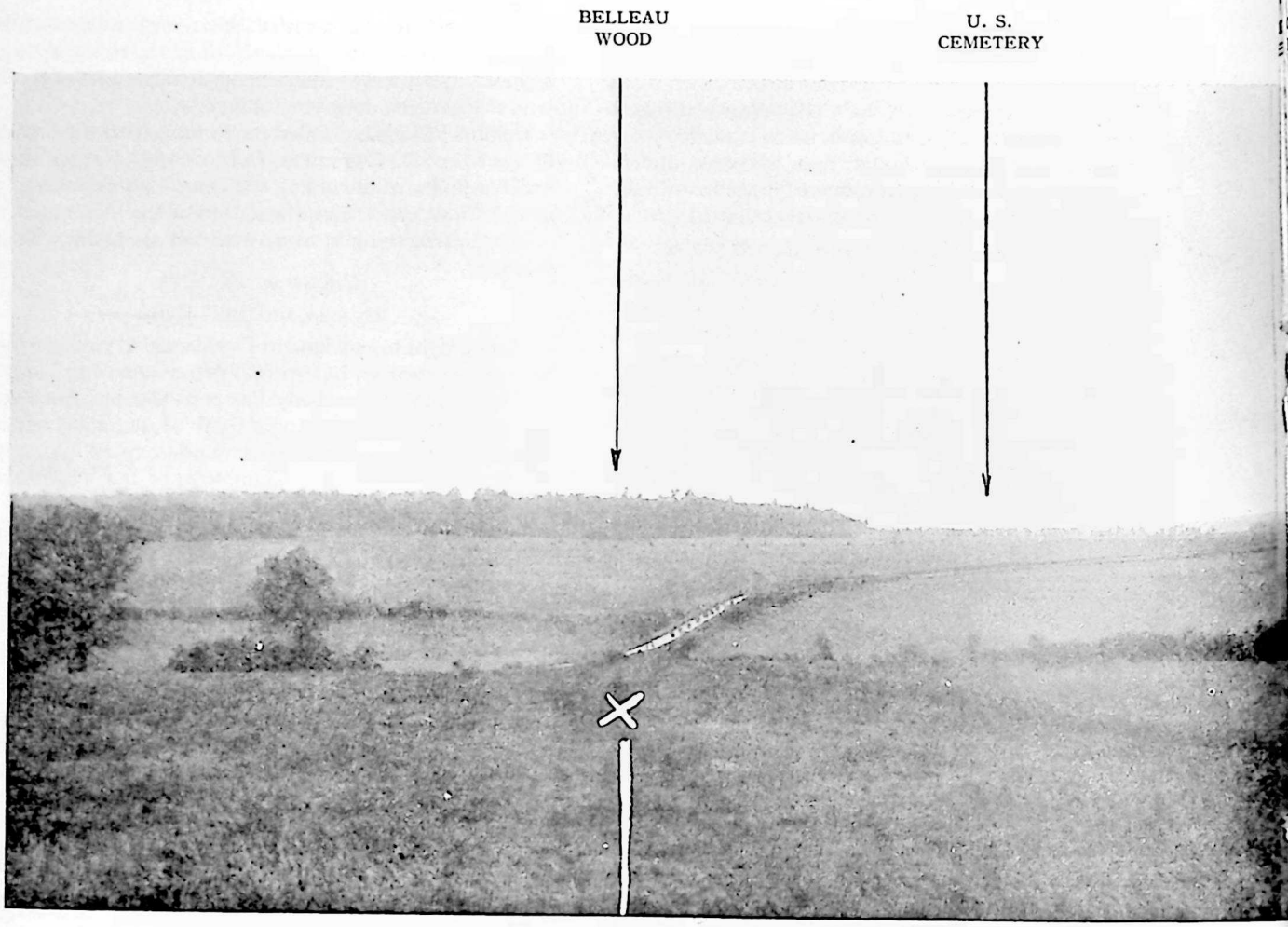


FIG. 2 SHOWS PROPOSED SITE OF YD MEMORIAL CHURCH

straining your eyes looking for submarines, we gave them a rest-cure looking at the flock of pretty girls on board; while outside the twelve mile limit, there was no sign printed on the bar "For Officers Only." Somewhere between twelve and twelve and one-half miles out, therefore, we felt duty bound to visit this strange place and drink a toast to Corporal Washburn and Sergeant Blake, and to the Old Division; and down deep in our hearts we wished you all were with us.



VIEW TAKEN FROM HILL 190, SHOWING PAN

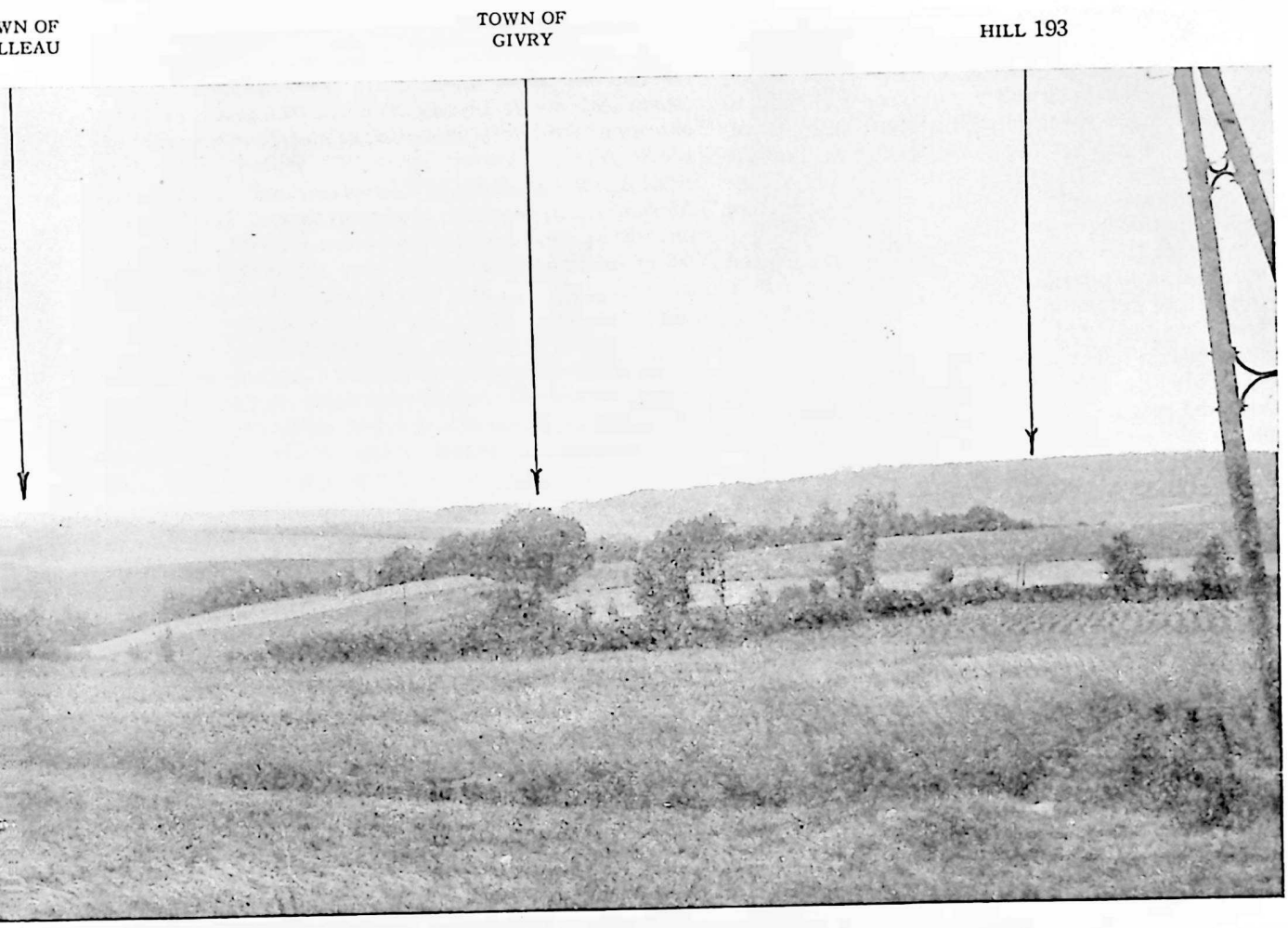
Cherbourg! We're ashore. Just time for one "soupcon-royale" before the three tin horns and then the toy whistle start us on our way to Paris. A couple of minutes more and we got a real thrill, for there were the red tiled roofs where we lived on bread and oeufs after hiking down the hard road all day long—the courtyards just as disorderly, and the manure piles just as green as they ever were. Those houses and the neat green fields, with the poplar trees along the roads made us really feel right at home again.

Paris! Without the M. P.'s at the station to greet you; without so many uniforms on the boulevards but still with a staunch advanced P. C. all set up. A telephone call and a simple announcement, "Boisrouvray, nous sommes ici," brought our old French liaison officer as fast as a Paris taxi could take the curves, and that is still some fast. Major du Boisrouvray, wearing his YD button above the rosette of the Legion of Honor, then Captain d'Azy, who taught the wagon soldiers how to shoot, and Lieut. "Bunny" Carter, of the 103d Infantry, now permanently billeted there with Morgan Harjes Company.

Four days, while du Boisrouvray, D'Azy and Carter unwound the official red tape and got everything set so that we could do the official part of our mission without getting ourselves snarled up. In four days they did all the work and still found time to show us Paris, not as the tourists see it, or are shown it, but as three regular fellows show their town to some of their buddies whom they are sincerely delighted to see again.

We fought the war over again and had to answer a regular check roll call on everybody they ever knew in the Division, and their memories were almost good enough to draw up a muster roll.

Then armed with all the necessary red seals we set out for the old fronts. A quick look at Chateau Thierry from Meaux to Epieds, then over to Chemin des Dames, through Vailley and along the line from Chavignon to LaRoyere, then to Hattonville, just in front of Hattonchatel in St. Mihiel. Remembering that the best billet in any such French village is the Cure's house, we put up for five days with Abbe Thierry, to whom a YD veteran is always welcome as one of the liberators of his little "ville." From here we reconnoitered our old Toul Sector from Apremont to Limey along the Beaumont bridge; the ground in the St. Mihiel attack from Mouilly along the Grande Franches du Calonne, where the quiet outside the villages at night is so



RAMA FROM PROPOSED SITE OF MEMORIAL

like that of No Man's Land that every moment you expect to see a Very light blaze out or hear an "arrivé" come winding in. You can well imagine the kick we got out of standing on top of Mt. Sec one moonlight night looking down at the little towns in the valley that housed us in the days we stood them off at Apremont, Seicheprey, Xivray-Marvoisin and Limey.

Then a trip to Neufchateau where the poilus showed us the tricks of the trade in the dreary winter of '17-'18. The Pink Store has moved to Commercy but the YD is still there, not only in the person of Lieut. Geoffrion, of the 102d Infantry (the town's leading jeweler), but in all the old billets, and best of all, in the memories and hearts of the people. To save space let me say here that everybody in Neufchateau asked for the men who were billeted with them and told us to be sure to remember them to you.

Then back to Verdun, where the war hasn't stopped yet in the places where the remnant of us stood up at 11 o'clock of the 11th day of the 11th month and took a good healthy look around in 1918; for the territory to the right beyond Bras and Vacherauville is still used by the French as their artillery range.

Then back to Paris to talk things over. Chemin des Dames eliminated as too barren, dreary, over which seems to hang the hand of death and because it was not the scene of the Division's greatest efforts. The Toul Sector and St. Mihiel as too much out of the way and seldom visited by Americans. Verdun, not only because it is peculiarly and rightly the shrine of France, but also because an artillery range is no place for a permanent memorial. That left the Chateau Thierry Sector.

BUT WHERE IN CHATEAU THIERRY?

To decide that, as far as we were able, the whole committee went back to the lines again—into every town, over every road, and on almost every hill through which or over which we advanced those 18 kilometers in 1918.

We were glad that we did not have to make the final decision because there were so many striking and thoroughly appropriate sites to be had. Nor did the attitude of the French peasants and commune officials make a decision any easier. We all know that a Frenchman loves his land; yet the mere knowledge that we were looking over possible sites brought voluntary offers from the owners of several of the best to give us, free of charge, all the land we needed for the memorial. This attitude of the owners was typical of our reception throughout our search. "Monsieur, the

Mayor" in every "Ville" was delighted to talk the problem over with us, to give us local opinion about what would be best from their point of view and also to impress upon us how much they wanted us, the survivors of the YD, to come to their villages whenever we might return to France. They left no doubt in our minds that whatever form the memorial may take—monumental, ornamental or combining monumental with utilitarian form—it will be cherished while the French are French.

You will learn the recommendations we made from the report of General Sherburne's committee and since it is their province to tell you about them, I will not discuss them here.

Our buddies, du Boisrouvray, D'Azy and Carter, saw to it that we did not get homesick during our last three days in France and sent us off with a series of farewell parties which still make me feel good whenever I think of them.

Oh yes—this hostility of the French toward Americans. We found lots of it whenever we attempted to pay for a bottle of wine in one of the little villages or tried to return in kind the heartfelt hospitality which these people, high or low, peasant or noble, lavished on us wherever we went.

Did we enjoy ourselves? Well, yes. But better say that the old sites and scenes stirred us up and sometimes made our throats choke a little. If you don't believe that, go over next year, or when we dedicate the memorial; go up to Soissons to the Abbey St. Jean des Vignes, where "C" Battery of the 101st Field Artillery spent the night before they went in, and here old Madame Foret, the Concierge who was there all through the war and who looks as though she'd been there since the first crusade, tell of her little dialogue with some stiff-necked Huns, who came to see these ruins a year or so ago. Madame was there when we arrived in 1918. She was fed from our kitchens and was helped out by our boys. She hasn't forgotten it. When one of the Boche told her as she boasted about staying there all through the war that she had better not be there ten years from then when they come through again, she replied with all the intensity and indomitable courage of the French, "Don't concern yourself, my dear sir, I'll be right here, and my poilus and my Americans of the 26th Division will take care of me."

We wish you could have been there to shake her hand as we did that day.

ORGANIZATION STANDINGS

Now for some figures. A sub-committee on quotas has worked out a table which allots the sum to be raised by each unit of the Division on the basis of its war strength. Using this, it has been possible to line the outfits up and show where each one stands.

Organization	*Quota*	*Per Cent Received Including Pledges*
102d M. G. Battalion	$1,000.	65%
101st Field Artillery	4,500.	64%
51st F. A. Brig. Hdqtrs.	1,000.	47%
Div. Hdqtrs. and Mobile Ord. Rep. Shop	3,000.	47%
101st Engineers	5,500.	35%
101st M. G. Battalion	1,000.	34%
101st Military Police	500.	30%
102d Field Artillery	4,500.	28%
101st San. Train (including Field Hospitals)	1,000.	28%
101st Amm. Train	2,000.	25%
103d M. G. Battalion	1,000.	22%
51st Inf. Brig. Hdqtrs.	750.	21%
101st Field Signal Bn.	1,000.	20%
103d Field Artillery	5,500.	20%
101st Infantry	10,000.	11%
103d Infantry	10,000.	10%
104th Infantry	10,000.	10%
101st Supply Train	1,500.	9%
102d Infantry	10,000.	8%
101st Trench Mortar Batt.	500.	8%
52d Inf. Brig. Hdqtrs.	750.	6%
TOTAL	$75,000.	

Who will be the first to go over the top? Which outfits will climb before next month? Go to it!

AMOUNTS RECEIVED TO DATE

	Amt. Received	*Amt. Pledged*	*Total*
Div. Hdq. Troop	$1,172.50	$ 225.00	$1,397.50
101st Infantry	888.46	232.00	1,120.46
101st F. A.	1,548.75	1,318.00	2,866.75
101st F. H.	31.00	8.00	39.00
101st Tr. M.	25.00	16.00	41.00
101st Supply Train	77.00	40.00	117.00
101st San. Train	63.50	30.00	93.50
101st F. Sign. Bn.	142.00	62.00	204.00
101st Tr. Hdq. and M. P.	113.00	35.00	148.00
101st M. G. Bn.	286.29	55.00	341.29
101st M. O. R. S.	9.00		9.00
101st Engineers	1,413.70	512.50	1,926.20
101st Amm. Train	320.00	177.00	497.00
102d Infantry	603.53	227.10	830.63
102d Field Artillery	1,175.25	82.75	1,258.00
102d Field Hospital	28.00		28.00
102d M. G. Bn.	494.80	156.00	650.80
102d Ambulance	18.00	21.00	39.00
103d Infantry	651.20	391.50	1,042.70
103d Field Artillery	935.50	182.00	1,117.50
103d Field Hospital	30.00	20.00	50.00
103d M. G.	151.00	67.00	218.00
103d Ambulance	143.00	10.00	153.00
104th Infantry	703.40	303.50	1,006.90
104th Field Hospital	50.50	15.00	65.50
104th Ambulance	25.00	10.00	35.00
51st Artillery Brigade	468.00		468.00
52d Infantry Brigade	32.33	10.00	42.33
51st Infantry Brigade	8.40	165.00	173.40
Miscellaneous	804.54	161.00	965.54
	$12,412.65	$4,532.35	$16.945.00

Amount Received	$12,412.65
Bank Interest	45.95
TOTAL	$12,458.60

INDIVIDUAL CONTRIBUTIONS

(In addition to those previously acknowledged)

Arnold S. Ladd.
Edmund J. Slate
Perley A. Ketchum
George W. Twombly
Joseph L. Gagen
James Glass
John H. MacCorison
Franklin E. Welch
Raymond Halliday
Stuart Chapin
Ervin C. Young
Maurice R. Newton
James W. Mullin
Fred M. Brodhead
E. B. Corliss
Malcolm Jenney
Russell D. Francis
George O. Stevens
William McGinnis

A WORD FROM THE CHIEF

Plans for our memorial have progressed much faster than contributions. Members of the Committee at their own expense have been to Washington and to France, and the Chairman of the Committee on Location, Colonel William J. Keville, has been authorized to prepare definite plans and estimates in his forthcoming visit to the old battle front.

The talk about there being any interference against our erecting a suitable memorial is nonsense.

If we construct a monument and rebuild the church at Belleau, as has been proposed, the cost, according to preliminary estimates, will be about $75,000. We have received less than $20,000 from the men of the Division; only 1700 men of the 34,000 members of the Division have contributed. Why this apathy? Is the Division moribund, and are its achievements and its dead to go unrecorded in the eyes of the world?

Help your unit chairman to complete the quota of your organization. If you have not done so, send your contribution at once. If you have, get some other YD man to come through.

We are going forward with our plans in full confidence that the sleeping support will wake up, rally on the battle line at the zero hour, and that the Division will take its objective, as usual.

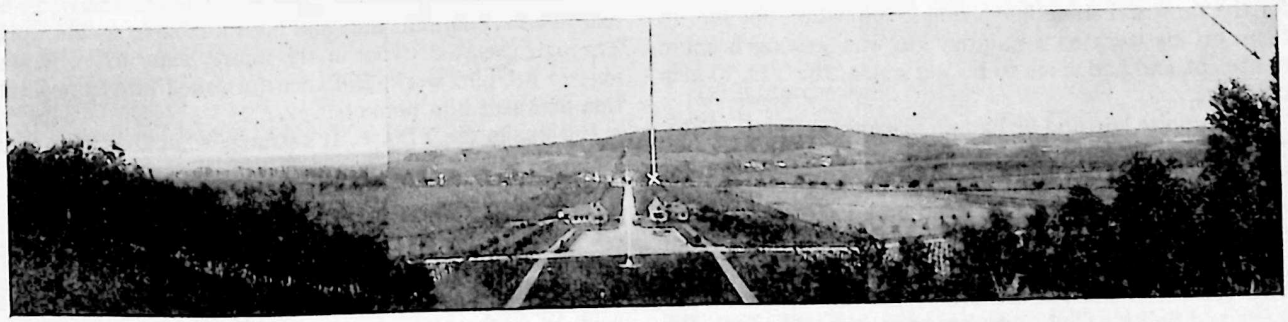
—JOHN H. SHERBURNE

SHALL WE REBUILD IT?

SUBSCRIPTION BLANK ON NEXT PAGE

A fountain pen and check book will do the rest. A new copy of this number to replace the defaced one of every subscriber who requests one.

PROPOSED
LOCATION
OF CHURCH



VIEW TAKEN FROM BELLEAU WOOD SHOWING CEMETERY, VILLAGE OF BELLEAU, AND HILL 193

YD OVERSEAS MEMORIAL, Inc.

I enclose the sum of $_____

I pledge $_____to be paid before November 11, 1926, for the fund being raised to erect a fitting memorial in France to commemorate the deeds of the YD during the World War.

Name_____

Address_____

YD Outfit_____

ONE REASON WE'RE HERE

It's strange what that little symbol, YD, means to us. The army calls it "esprit de corps"; the Old Man used to call it "The soul of the Division."

About a month ago, as we were working here at the Club, a stranger drifted in. He was tired and somewhat down at the mouth as he inquired if this was the YD Club. He had served with the Division and had been through the whole works. He had a badly crumpled, but nevertheless official discharge to prove it. Seems he had come up from Connecticut, walking part of the way and getting a lift now and then by automobile. He explained that he had become subject to attacks of sickness which rendered him unconscious for the time and these had made it impossible for him to carry on his work as a painter. He was seeking hospital treatment and had come to his old outfit, the YD, to help him out.

It was quite late and he had no place to go for the night. That 26th Division discharge meant a lot to us. We got busy on the telephone. Bill Blake of the Veterans' Bureau was not at home, so we gave the man a letter of introduction to Bill's inner sanctum to present at the Bureau next morning. Then to get him fixed for the night. We called Mrs. Lindell of the YD Auxiliary. She told us of the Soldier's and Sailor's Club. Another telephone call resulted in obtaining a night's lodging. The lad was a stranger in Boston so we took him down to the club and invested him with the letter to Bill Blake.

The Bureau sent him to Chelsea Naval Hospital for examination. Five days later we found him waiting at our office door in the morning. He had been discharged, had no money, felt rotten and wanted to get down to the National Soldiers' Home at Togus, Me.

At first we felt a little tempted to throw up the job. But that YD discharge still spoke pretty loudly. So we called up Bill Blake again and told him the story. "Sure," said Bill, "send him down. We'll furnish him transportation."

It seems Bill found out that the man was married and had several children, and had been unable to obtain work. Through the Red Cross in the man's home town, he was able to get him work. Bill then furnished him transportation and sent him home happy.

Bill was in the YD too. It's strange what that little symbol, YD, means to us.

CAUSE AND EFFECT

Abie was seated in a one-arm lunch room in Santa Barbara, surreptitiously eating a ham sandwich, at the time of the first shock of the recent earthquake.

Gazing toward heaven he exclaimed, "My God, My God, and all this for a little piece of ham."

AFTER EIGHT YEARS

By Col. James L. Howard (101st M. G. Bn.)

Leaving Paris early Sunday morning by Rue Lafayette, past Pantin to Meaux we spoke of the confusion resulting from the hurried orders issued July 4, 1918, to march up to the support of the Second Division whose line held from Bussiares through Belleau Wood to Vaux. Our troops starting in the middle of the night, without guides and without adequate maps, stumbled along unknown roads, made wrong turns, and required much scouting to bring them to their assigned positions—but they all arrived. I recall that we had discovered one of Colonel Parker's battalions lost in the country and were able to restore it to his arms at Cocherel.

On along the left bank of the Marne to La Ferte-sous-Jouarre, where time lacked to search out the convent where an able surgeon of the 101st Hospital took a piece of shell out of my ribs, while the Boche aviators were dropping bombs along-side in an effort to demolish the railway station a few blocks away. I was reminded that the nurses were ordered below into a bomb proof cellar but all refused to go, each one staying by her patients who could not be moved out of danger.

From La Ferte on up the left bank—across the river was visible the Chateau at Chamigny where the tall erect General Edwards discussed with little Omar Bundy the relief of the Second Division—crossing the river at Luzancy and north at Mery by the beautiful chateau which was later our headquarters, we drove across lots on a now unfrequented road to Montreuil-aux-Lions through which many of us passed on the way to the relief of the Second Division. On by General Cole's one-time headquarters at La Loge Farm, we passed the cross roads at La Ferme de Paris which the Hun shelled so incessantly, and turned to the left to run down to Lucy-le-Bocage, still a monument to the wastage of war, hardly any houses having been rebuilt.

We visited the American Cemetery which has an imposing entrance. The grounds are well kept but the scene is necessarily depressing with its rows on rows of crosses. We paused at the grave of Lieutenant Caldwell Colt Robinson who was killed near Lucy-le-Bocage while leading his company of Marines.

Back by Bouresches and Vaux and Hill 192 nearby, where I accumulated a small piece of shell on July 13, 1918, to Chateau Thierry for luncheon at the Hotel Jean de la Fontaine.

Then up the highway toward Soissons—by Sacerie Farm which was General Shelton's headquarters during the advance, by Bezuet Woods where the 101st Machine Gun Battalion, with Morgan Bulkeley in command, prepared for its at first unsupported advance on Trugny farther to the right.

I am reminded that up there somewhere in the woods I ran across Major John Murphy, then in command of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion. "Your old Battalion is all to the good," he said. "All alone they went over the top after the Boche just as if they were practicing back in Neufchateau and just as if the whole army was behind them. Up on the Boucq sector we used to complain that your outfit had a cinch being in reserve so much of the time, but our hats are off now!"

Farther north we saw monuments and other indications of the advance of the First and Second Divisions.

Soissons has been largely rebuilt with the notable exception of the cathedral and another large church, and of the bridge over which we used to go to the Chemin des Dames sector. But we found a way across the Aisne and proceeded up the National Route passing at some distance on the right the village of Vregny where Morgan Bulkeley and Rawdon Myers with their companies alternated in reserve (uncomfortable enough with bombing by German airplanes), while the other did duty up front at Pinon and Ailleval.

Farther on and still farther to the left lies Vauxaillon where Westbrook took command of the Machine Gun Company of the 104th Infantry—a big loss to our old battalion but a much needed addition where he went.

At the cross roads, once marked by the well-known Moulin de Laffaux, we turned to the left and, after a couple of hundred yards, to the right to descend into the little valley containing the ruins of Allemant.

Stopping the car we descended and searched out an almost untraceable road. To our gratification it lead to our old shelter, the Creute d'Allemant, where the headquarters of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion spent many weeks while the troops were in line with the French of the Eleventh Army Corps under General de Maud'huy.

Since we were there in February and March of 1918 this dugout has twice changed hands; the Hun drove out the French in April, and the French returned in the big drive of July.

But it was still recognizable, particularly the office and map room where Wyckoff Mills, George Cheney and Bill Skinner used to work, and where our French chef served hors d'oevres, boeuf à la mode, pis-au-lit salad and vin blanc. We experienced a real thrill but no envy in visualizing the situation of eight years ago.

Passing down into the valley we were surprised to see that the little town of Allemant had been almost entirely rebuilt—when last we were there hardly one stone rested upon another. But farther on at Pinon just the reverse proved to be true—no living soul in sight, an abandoned ruin hardly yet softened by the growth of wild vines and shrubbery.

Rejoining the main road we discovered the Commencement of the Chemin des Dames marked by a gigantic cross bearing the figure of Christ—a mute testimony to the terrible sacrifice of four years of war rolling back and forth over this ridge. We looked for old Fort Malmaison but not a vestige remains. The view to the north and south was magnificent—I don't remember getting a very extended view from here in 1918—rolling hills covered with wheat fields and woods.

We looked for Chavignon, perhaps it was hidden from

our viewpoint by a hill, but all we saw was a new handsome chapel dedicated, I presume, to the thousands who lost their lives in this vicinity. Pargny and Filain may have been hidden by the headland, but we saw no sign of either. To the right, nestling down in the valley, was the little village of Ostel which I recall as a favorite place for the Boche to concentrate his shell fire. On to Berry-au-Bac and down the highroad to Reims where we spent the night at the very excellent Hotel Lion d'Or.

Reims has been rebuilt to an astonishing extent, but the ghastly hollow ruins of the once beautiful cathedral is a constant reminder of German mentality, brutality and barbarism.

An early morning start from Reims brought us along the road toward Suippes. The only immediately visible relics of the war were two German tanks wrecked and overturned on the side of the road, marking the peak of the last German advance on the cathedral city. Small wheat fields on either side were separated by rows of small trees and shrubs, nature's method of concealing the scars of successive lines of trenches.

After passing through Ste. Menehould we entered the Foret d'Argonne and drove on over the hills to Verdun, entering that city by the Bar-le-Duc road, the voie sacré, the sacred highway of France. During the long siege of Verdun this broad highway was filled each night by endless columns of motor trucks, carrying food and ammunition to the defenders, two columns going in and one column, light and faster, coming out.

How we used to work with our road maps to determine routes by which the several units of the division could be moved from the neighborhood of Bar-le-Duc to the Heights of the Meuse without using or even crossing the sacred way!

We inspected the famous citadel and walked through the cold, damp, subterranean vaults. No wonder we caught the "flu" there in 1918!

Verdun was quite unfamiliar, so much has been rebuilt, but we managed to find our way to the Hotel for an excellent luncheon, observing at the next table former Secretary of State, Hughes, with his family.

The famous bayonet trench cemetery at Vaux has become familiar through photographs. The French soldiers were completely buried by a shell explosion, only their bayonets being visible above the debris. A monument in the form of a stone arcade has been erected over their undisturbed graves.

Lack of time prevented a visit to the location of the Yankee Division's final battle north-east of Verdun so we started south up the road to St. Mihiel along the right bank of the Meuse. At Genicourt, once the Division's supply headquarters, we left the main road and proceeded to Rupt-en-Woevre, Division Headquarters during the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient. One recalls the parish priest, Father Leclerc, who, after the Huns were driven off the Heights of the Meuse, directed to General Edwards a beautiful letter of gratitude on behalf of his parishioners of Rupt, Mouilly and Genicourt, referred with feeling to those who had lost their lives in the attack and concluded: "*Their ashes shall be cared for as if they were our own. We shall cover their graves with flowers, and shall kneel by them as their own families would do, with a prayer to God to reward with eternal glory these heroes fallen on the field of honor, and to bless the Twenty-Sixth Division and generous America.*"

On through Mouilly (partially rebuilt) and down the road along which for four long years was the narrow strip of No Man's Land between the contending armies, we were surprised that there was no sign of barbed wire which, it will be remembered, was forty feet wide in some places. But perhaps the new undergrowth hid it, we had not time to investigate.

The Grande Tranchee de Calonne! What memories that name recalls to members of the 101st and 102d Machine Gun Battalions and the 102d Infantry. That wonderful forced march led by Colonel Bearss on the night of September 12, with no flankers, no liaison to right or left or rear, no time to do anything but beat it through the retreating Austrians straight for Hattonchatel and Vigneulles to cut off the enemy's troops withdrawing from St. Mihiel. Wonderful, yes, and inspiring and exhilarating! Colonel Alfonte, Division Signal Officer, went along with Bearss and his staff just for the walk!

Down the Grande Tranchee to Hattonchatel and to the very spot where seven years and eleven months before on the morning following the battle, General Edwards, Capt. Nat. Simpkins and I had gazed out over the plains of the Woevre.

But what a difference in the aspect! Then were seen blazing villages ignited by the barbarians in their hasty retreat, allied airplanes circling overhead (some of them the preceding morning coming from the south had dropped bombs on our troops in Vigneulles, thinking it impossible that our troops could be so far advanced), batteries of French 75's contemptuously ignoring concealment and barking out their messages of death to the retreating Huns, women rushing out and hailing the General as a deliverer, and trying to embrace his highly polished boots!

Now the bright sunlight shines on a beautiful cultivated valley extending to the limit of vision, the woods and heights on the left bank of the Moselle. We can point out Riaville and Marcheville. Bearss, again with his inevitable box of cigars, leading a feint attack on the 26th of September to prevent the enemy from moving guns and troops to the northward of Verdun where our main attack was developing; Warvrille, St. Hilaire, where earlier raids had been successfully consummated.

A new, handsome town hall or Mairie is the conspicuous building of this reconstructed town of Hattonchatel. We enter its stone arcade to discover a plaque which informs us that the building is the gift of Miss Skinner of Holyoke, Mass. We pass through on to its flowered terrace and gaze to the southward at Montsec, that evil eye which watched all our comings and goings during the three months we occupied La Reine (Boucq) sector north of Toul. To the left we can pick out Beaumont ridge by the character of the trees silhouetted against the sky-line.

We descend to Vigneulles and take the road south through territory of former German occupation to Apremont, for four years the fixed front line. Apremont, Bois Brule, where the French had said the Germans could take prisoners at will. But General Passaga pinned the Croix de Guerre to the colors of the 104th Infantry because the German attack resulted in forty German prisoners and many dead, while the American regiment lost as prisoner, one corporal who stayed behind for a single-handed fight while his squad safely withdrew to a previously prepared position.

(*Concluded on Page 23*)

OUTING OF THE YD POST 290, A. L.

A very happy convoy, consisting of the members of the YD Post A. L., and their wives, sweethearts, or the property of other males, left the YD Club, on Sunday, August 29, on the midsummer outing of the post and arrived at Fieldston, on the Atlantic, at about noontime.

The married and single men staged an excellent game of baseball; the married men just scratched through with a 4 to 3 win over the boys who enjoy their freedom,—now and then—(Malone and Furdon we have our doubts about)—with the able assistance of the umpire, "Alfie" Day of the single men.

Some very interesting plays were turned in on both sides. Malone, playing 3d for the single men, made a hair raising pick up at the hot corner (the ball having stopped for the want of steam, he fell over, he could not bend over) picked it up and got his man at 1st. Jack Shields playing 1st for the single men was a regular "Hal Chase." Fred Jackson for the married men made a very spectacular attempt to field a short fly in center field. In a very artistic pose, on the toes of the left foot, the right foot out in rear, left arm extended in the best Boylston Street fashion, the ball flopped off the outstretched palm, and he almost got his man at 1st. This fine bit of work we understand (we mean the toe dance) is to be put on at the Metropolitan in a few weeks by Murray Anderson, entitled "The Dying Swan."

After the game, which lasted but 4½ innings, the members who had taken baths the night before, and were not afraid to show the rings of dirt around their ankles, partook of a short swim. The water was very cool, but refreshing.

It seems that every place that Malone goes he gets into a mess, that is; ever since he sold the gassed horses of the 102d F. A. in France for a canteen of "Vin rouge." He couldn't have luck. Why even "Old Man Neptune" got sore and sent in a furious comber that sent "Jock" on a quadruple somersault, much to the delight of all. The pleasing part of the whole affair was "Gus" Furdon trying to get the sand out of his hair. It was a scream looking at the "old bozo" with the three strands that compose the forelock in the palm of his hand, shaking the sugar-like particles therefrom.

The clear air, the wonderful sunshine, and the vacant beach, got to some of the boys. We do not mind "Mickey" Flynn and Co. stealing away for a second honeymoon, but when "Pokerface—Old Bill Brady" steals away from the boys and does a very select spot act, with the assistance of a cretonne robe for camouflage, it is certainly going too far. We have been figuring on a moonlight sail, but the few eye-dazing exhibitions of the daylight outing dampened our enthusiasm, and in our humble opinion would ruin the single blessedness that some of the boys enjoy, and offer them as a sacrifice on the "Altar of Eternal Squabble." We will have to get a report of the Welfare Officer.

After the swim, there was a drawing for prizes, the main drawing being an electric waffle iron, won by Mrs. John Goode, who by the way is going to test same over Labor Day week-end. All members of the post are invited to attend this "Waffle Festival." Give your name to the adjutant, who will give you a card showing your number and also the relief that you report with. Bring your own waffles and powdered sugar. Other very interesting little gifts were won by many of the ladies—strings of Ramona pearls and also neck decorations (no Woodbury's or Lifebuoy) of silver filigree.

Shortly before sundown the different groups gathered around the many tables conveniently situated on the veranda of the Civic Center and enjoyed the contents of the many lunch boxes that were in evidence. Up to this time we had partaken of many handouts here and there. Ate with "Ev" Caswell and wife, Jim Nolan and the lady, Jimmy Lynch and Kitty, and then as a final feature, sat down at the family table with Eddie Ferguson and the Mrs., "Mug" Murdock and his foreman, also Mrs. Murdock. Mrs. Ferguson just passed food and food, to the single end of the table, the only thing she could not pass was the box of "Brownies" that "Mug" Murdock had in his lap. It is a shame to see such a hungry individual. He did not learn the lesson of the mongrel in the hay loft.

At 7.30 P. M. most of the cars had left, the married men going home with their better halves, or, in some cases to report the success of the outing. The regular boys, after a very active day, took their "Tootsies" home, and reported back to the club at a very seasonable hour. We have our doubts regarding some of our single men, but we have received no reports from the police of Weston to the effect that any of them had been picked up for parking on the dark roads, for which that town is famous. Our second attempt at mixed doubles affairs was voted another grand success and the "Old" YD is still undefeated.

WATCH OUR NEXT EFFORT—AND—WATCH OUR SMOKE.

—J. T. O'M.

OUR ERROR, BROTHER

Editor of YANKEE DOINGS:—

Just found the opportunity to look over the latest issue of DOINGS and note with much distress the little article concerning "Old Home Stuff" which was appropriated from a Cleveland paper and written by Ted Robinson, gives Teddy credit of having been a member of the Yankee Division. Now, Ted may have or may not have been a member of the old YD. I do not know, as we received many replacements from that section of the country, but if the editor will carefully note copy sent him, he will find that credit for this rhyme is given Ted, but no mention of his affiliations during the recent squabble in the "Land of Sunshine" is made. I am sincerely pleased that I did not copy this for use in my own line or very likely I would have got the gate. Some of our budding poets might take offense and raise the dickens. I am sure Ted would be mightily pleased to know that whether we know him or not, he sails under the banner of the good old YD.

—"Diablo"

That one is on us. We don't know Ted, either, but we gave him the benefit of the doubt. If he wasn't of the YD he should have been.

—ED.

JOIN THE BIG PARADE
THE YD IS MARCHING ON

Big things are on foot. The YD pot has ceased to simmer and is boiling in dead earnest. So many schemes, plans and propositions for the further growth and expansion of the various YD organizations are being considered that no small difficulty attends any attempt to explain them.

Let us review a few facts. In 1920 the YD Club of Boston was constituted. Funds were raised by an appeal to the people of New England, while the memory of the war was still fresh in their minds, for the purpose of obtaining a clubhouse. The drive was successful. The result was the YD Memorial Clubhouse, a splendid building which has been a source of continued pride to the members. That was the last and only time the YD Club has ever asked for a cent of outside help.

Simultaneously, or shortly after the birth of the club, another and more important organization came into being—The Yankee Division Veterans Association. It was to be a nation-wide organization. It was to have chapters in every town and hamlet in the country where ten or more YD men lived. The YD Club of Boston itself was to be a chapter of this greater organization. The Y. D. V. A. was to be the great parent body. It was to be the medium for perpetuating the memories of our sacrifices and achievements.

To some extent these purposes have been realized. In a large measure they have fallen short of realization. Many of the chapters which flourished in the early days dropped out of line, due either to lack of quarters, of interest or of money. The Boston Club, always by far the largest chapter, had its period of depression, from which it staged its surprising and spectacular comeback.

The stumbling block in the path of achieving a large nation-wide membership seems to lie in the method by which that membership can be obtained. In order for a man to become a member of the Veterans Association, to receive YANKEE DOINGS and keep in touch with the spirit of the Division, it has been necessary for him first to become a member of some local chapter or YD Club.

In other words, unless he lived in or near Boston, he had no volition as an individual. To become a member of the Association he had to hustle around and get enough men together to form a chapter. Seldom did his enthusiasm mount that high;—never did it hold that height long. Something was wrong.

To remedy the situation non-resident classes of membership in the Boston Chapter were formed. This was a makeshift. It was not primarily the YD Club of Boston that the man wanted to join. It was the Association—the association of veterans of his own Division. He might live 2,000 miles from Boston. The Club meant little to him. The Association meant much. Contact with his comrades through YANKEE DOINGS, and that sort of thing. But this was the only channel. Such a restriction has seriously hampered the growth of the great parent body, which after all, is the big thing.

The present administration of the Y. D. V. A. has been studying this situation. The President, Colonel Keville, has given it a good deal of thought. It requires a good deal. It is filled with complications. Many of them are too technical to be gone into here.

One other factor enters in. The YD Overseas Memorial. This committee is in reality a sub-committee of the Y. D. V. A. This explanation is made for the sake of clearness.

On Tuesday evening, August 31st, a meeting of the Executive Committee, Y. D. V. A., was held with President Keville in the Chair, at which President Swan of the YD Club of Boston and General Sherburne, Chairman of the YD Overseas Memorial Committee, were present. A lengthy discussion of the situation outlined above was held. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the Constitution of the Y. D. V. A. should be so amended as to admit to membership any individual who ever served with the 26th Division overseas, without requiring chapter affiliation. The dues for this would be nominal, merely to cover the actual cost of YANKEE DOINGS which would be sent to each member. Membership in any YD Club would then be a separate and optional affair. Certain modifications may be necessary regarding the Greater Boston district. These will be worked out.

A joint sub-committee was appointed,—three by the President of the Association, and three by the President of the Club, to draw up recommendations for the necessary amendments. This committee will report back to the full committees and they in turn will bring the matter before the entire membership at the Annual Convention in February.

General Sherburne, speaking for the Overseas Memorial, said that the re-birth of the old YD marching spirit is more important to him than any memorial. If that spirit returns, the memorial will surely follow.

Perhaps much of this sounds technical and dry. But it is the most important single step that has been taken since the birth of the organization.

It will open the door to every man who ever wore the YD. It may carry us to undreamed of heights of success.

NOW'S THE TIME

Time was when the direst need of the YD Club of Boston was money. Partly for that reason and partly for others it was decided to establish an initiation fee equal in amount to one year's dues.

Now its principal need is membership. With this in view, the initiation fee has been suspended until November 1.

The Club is in a thriving state. Its activities are more diversified and successful. Its administration is in ideal hands and its personnel is of character you would be glad to affiliate with.

On the next page is an application blank. Put it to good use among your friends.

Remember, this opportunity lasts only until November 1.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

(FOR USE PRIOR TO NOVEMBER 1, 1926, ONLY)

YD CLUB OF BOSTON

OF BOSTON

200 HUNTINGTON AVENUE

Put this blank in the hands of someone who will use it.

I hereby make application for membership in the YD Club of Boston (Boston Chapter, Yankee Division Veterans Association). I understand membership to include subscription to "Yankee Doings."

Signature _____

Name (Please Print) _____

Unit and Rank _____

Mailing Address _____

Residence Address _____

Business Address _____

Date _____

Commencing November 1, an initiation fee, equal to one year's dues, must accompany application. Now is the time to act.

CLASSIFICATION	
RESIDENT MEMBERSHIP Within 15 miles; optional elsewhere.	
Annual Dues	$5.00
NON-RESIDENT, First Class (15 to 20 miles)	
Annual Dues	$3.00
NON-RESIDENT, Second Class (20 to 50 miles)	
Annual Dues	$2.00
NON-RESIDENT, Third Class (Beyond 50 miles)	
Annual Dues	$1.00

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF GOVERNORS

YD CLUB OF BOSTON

A regular meeting of the Governing Board was held on August 24th, at the YD Club of Boston. The meeting was called to order at 7.15 P. M., with President Swan in the chair. The following members were present: Swan, Eastman, Osborn, Malone, O'Meara, W. Day, A. Day, Brown, and Snyder. Historian George Twombly and Mr. Philip N. Sanborn, Secretary of the Y. D. V. A., were also present.

The minutes of the last meeting were read and accepted.

Discussion was then had regarding the next Smoker or Entertainment. It was moved, seconded and

VOTED: That when we get the Big Parade films, the show be held at the Cadet Armory, if obtainable, and the Overseas Memorial Committee and the Executive Committee of the Y. D. V. A. be invited to participate. It was also moved, seconded and VOTED: that this be a stag affair.

The following committee was appointed in charge of this affair: Mr. Swan, Chairman; Mr. Osborn, Mr. Ticknor, Mr. Malone, Mr. Sanborn and Mr. Landon, and it was decided that the first meeting of the committee be called on August 31st, at 7.00 P. M.

The secretary was instructed to notify the President of the Y. D. V. A. and the Chairman of the Overseas Memorial Committee of this meeting.

The secretary then gave a report on membership showing an increase in resident members and a slight decrease in non-resident members. After discussion was had, it was moved, seconded and VOTED: that plans be made for a membership drive in September and that this drive be concentrated on resident members.

Messrs. Brown, Eastman and Snyder were appointed a committee to bring in recommendations for changes in Life Membership fees for action by the Board at their next meeting.

Mr. A. Day then made a report of progress in renovating the assembly hall. He read off bids received from three different painting concerns and bids from electrical contractors.

Recommendations were made for shades and blinds for the windows in the hall but no definite action was taken.

A motion was made and seconded, and it was VOTED: that the present committee appointed for the renovation of the hall, be carried along until the work was completed.

On a motion made and seconded, it was VOTED: that the manager be authorized to purchase 10 dozen folding chairs for the hall.

The matter of installing a hot water heater for furnishing hot water in the men's room was brought up.

There being no further business to come before the Board, it was moved, seconded and VOTED: that the meeting adjourn.

Adjournment taken at 9.00 P. M.

—WILLLIAM SNYDER, Secretary

OFFSHOOTS FROM THE OLD OUTFITS

G. W. Twombly

(Associate Editor)

101st INFANTRY

The scouts from our organization have been sent out and it is expected that much important information will have been received by the time this issue of DOINGS is mailed. From information already received, the first attack of the fall will take place about the middle of September. The high command is now working on the plans for the fall and winter campaign and it is planned to start the activities off with an attack on a large scale on the Smoke Talk Front about the time this issue is received.

Our detached list at Deer Island down the bay has been increased, JOHN GLEASON and EDDIE READON having been attached there August 1st. Please do not misunderstand the word "attached" as it does not mean with a ball and chain. They having joined the Official Family of Guards, making three men from "H—er Comp." who are guards there now.

We hope the above paragraph does not inspire any of the boys to try for a winter's lodging at this resort. But if it should, they ought to get pretty good treatment.

Fourteen of the old "H—er Comp." gang are now members of the National Guard, waiting for the next war?—MAYBE.

PORKIE FLYNN can be found amongst the old soldiers of the 13th Infantry, U. S. A., at Camp Devens any day. He is a member of Co. K of that regiment having stayed in the service since the war.

We met SUNO SMITH some time ago, gayly piloting one of the City of Boston's two-wheel chariots down Washington Street. He invited us for a ride, but as time did not permit, we had to decline.

We have taken the case of MIKE ALBANESE up with the Veterans' Bureau, and have been assured that everything possible will be done. A letter has been sent on from them requesting full particulars of his case.

Lost: one DUTCH HOLLAND, sometimes known as Bill or Little Willie—could usually be found around Washington and Essex Streets, but lately in parts unknown. Any information would be greatly appreciated. We understood some time ago he was in love and this may account for his absence. It's strange what love will do. We remember one time in Nancy when he—but that's another story.

The H Company, 101st Infantry Veterans Association, welcomes any news from or about any of the old gang. Send all mail to The Veterans of H Company, 101st Infantry Association, care YD Club, Boston.

FRANK GOOD, better known as the Old Cheese, has made his appearance around the YD Club again. He has been pretty sick and we sincerely hope by the time this issue of DOINGS is out that he will be feeling better.

MORRIS COHEN, the H Company minstrel of the olden days, is selling meats down on North Street. Go down and buy some; he won't stick you,—MUCH.

BILL BARTER was amongst the "H—er Comp." gang who was up to Camp Devens this summer. He is running a store in Worcester. —E. H. C.

SIGNAL CORPS SIGNALS

On August 7, 1926, a son, Philip Hamilton, 5 lb. 2 oz., was born to Mr. and Mrs. WILLIAM J. BROWN, 87 Mt. Ida Road, Dorchester, Mass.

Mr. and Mrs. DANIEL H. FREEMAN are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Beverly Clare, 7½ pounds. Born on August 6, 1926.

CHARLES T. "CHIC" NICOLL and family have moved from Cambridge and are now living in Monponsett.

Aurora, Ill., is honored by the moving there of RUSSELL GORDON and family who moved over from St. Charles.

GEORGE HUDSON had a wonderful rest (?) the first week of his vacation at Atlantic City.

Part of his vacation ELIOT TOZER spent touring through the Adirondack Mountains which would have been much more enjoyable if he had not already worked too hard in a hay field which was the cause, shortly afterward, of unpleasant lumbago. —G. W. T.

COMPANY "A", 102d MACHINE GUN BN.

September 24th—a few days after you receive this issue of YANKEE DOINGS—the BULL DOG BN. drops the pen or the hoe and migrates to RUTLAND, VERMONT!

If any "A" men have not received the details of the advance, telegraph or 'phone RAYMOND J. COCKLIN, 118 South St., Rutland, Vt., or RALPH F. GEORGE, Care of Atlantic Corp., 10 Post Office Square, Boston.

Here's our best advice packed into a few words—If you've ever been, you'll be there; if you've never been, consult those who have and—you'll be there.

During the hot weather, the sidewalks of Washington Street were less popular, but a few rumors, nevertheless, were started in its shadows. RALPH PHINNEY has joined the Post Office Dept., Boston; "CUCKOO" PHILLIP MCGRATH is recovering his health at Rutland, Mass.; "BILL" CAMERON is working hard as Vice-Commander of the West Roxbury Post, American Legion; EMIL CEDERBORG was last known to be in Chicago; "SLOPPSY" COCKLIN while working (not a typo. error) in Boston bumped into Lt. "BILL" (Leavensworth) MORRILL, of Montpelier, Vt., who is summering at Swampscott; "T" LANDER teaches music at the Boston Conservatory; HAROLD SLOCUMB is now selling insurance;—and more next month.

(Note): The above statements are not guaranteed, but are believed to be reliable. See your own Broker.—A. C. H.

A. P. O. 709

Some members of the 101st F. A. may remember TONY ROCK'S son, Earl, who was for a time mascot of the regiment at Boxford in 1917. The lad is coming up in his father's footsteps, as he has just attended the C. M. T. C. camp at Fort McKinley, Portland, Maine. He was made a corporal and highly complimented by his officers on marksmanship and soldierly qualities.

JOHN J. J. MEAGHER (C Co., 104th Inf.) writes that a little YD meeting was held in a squad tent during manoeuvers at Fort Ethan Allen, Vt. Application blanks for membership in the YD Club were placed in the hands of Col. Barker, C. O. of the 302d F. A. (formerly of 103d F. A.) who presumably put them to good use. Meagher also writes that Lt. Freeman (103d Inf.) is now adjutant of the 302d F. A. Our correspondent says that he is now in the best branch of the service—Cavalry, O. R. C. His outfit is Hqtrs. 61st Cavalry Division.

104TH INFANTRY

What has happened to the 104th column? Have Elliott and Harmon lost the use of their faculties to slide in a little stuff each month? Perhaps we should excuse them as this is vacation time and doubtless both are away doing their very best to see who will catch the larger. If I remember correctly, quite a number of the old boys used to send in notes now and then, but lately I have noticed that the 104th has been gently, oh, so gently getting less mention all the time, until the last issue when not a line was published concerning it.* Can't understand for the life of me, why it is that, with all the members that once constituted that fine regiment, that all are so dead. Don't slam back at me, saying, "Send in some stuff," as the trouble is I send too much and the majority, if I may say so, quietly rests in our editor's basket. If each member of the old outfit would purchase a postal card and just send in one big thing that has happened to him since demobilization, we would have plenty of notice. Don't be modest, everyone likes to see his name printed in some paper; some of us get them printed too much.

For example: Have you got married and where do you live?
If you are not married, why not?
Do you see any of the old boys?

Come on now, speak up and don't let those boys of the 101st fill DOINGS up each issue.

There is one ex-soldat, don't know what outfit, but he went by the title "Shakem Wilks" and because he got mixed up with a bunch of "Red Legs" over the respective merits of the Infantry over the Artillery, the matter hinges around the fact as to whether the 103d "heavies" could read range or not, said Shakem now rests in the hoosegow for ten days, but he claims to have sufficiently demonstrated to the "Red Legs" that the Infantry always knew what is right. More power to Shakem. —"DIABLO"

**Through an error, for which we are very sorry, the 104th Infantry column last month appeared under the caption "103d Infantry."—ED.*

AFTER EIGHT YEARS

(Continued from Page 18)

To the east through Bouconville, the support position for Xivray, where Major Ashworth's concealed machine guns surprised a column of German raiders and shot through them lengthwise, relieving the pressure on the outpost which was attaining such severity that Division Headquarters was being shelled out of its offices at Boucq.

Through Rambucourt to Beaumont, where Colonel John Henry Parker and his Adjutant, Emerson Taylor, directed the relief of the temporarily lost position at Seicheprey. To Seicheprey itself where a marble fountain commemorates that first fierce engagement of American troops which demonstrated to the German High Command that although surprised and overwhelmed by superior numbers the Yankee would stand and fight and take his medicine like a veteran.

Sacred place to men of Hartford and Bristol and Middletown, led by that distinguished officer, Major Rau, who was later to lose his life leading his battalion in the Second Battle of the Marne. Clarence Thompson here distinguished himself, and Arthur Locke who fell, fatally wounded, early in the engagement.

To the right is the Bois de Remieres, now all grown up again, where Griswold sustained the attack, was captured, but escaped when a shell laid low both his captor and himself.

We drove back—around Dead Man's Curve into Mandres-aux-Quatre-Tours—where Rawdon Myers' Company lost its first man; through Ansauville, General Traub's headquarters, until discretion suggested a retirement into the depths of the Foret de la Reine, frequented by all of us when our presence was not absolutely demanded farther to the front. Ansauville where Johnnie Murphy was welcomed to the command of the 102d Machine Gun Battalion by the Boche bombardment preceding the Seicheprey affair; through Menil-la Tour, formerly First Division headquarters, a typical, dirty small town, the name of which was officially changed by our Division Adjutant, Charlie Stevens, to Manure-la-Til.

Backward, chronologically, have we reviewed our particular battlefields. After a restful night at the Grand Hotel located on the magnificent Place Stanislas in Nancy, we drove to Domremy, far-famed birthplace of Jeanne d' Arc, a favorite Sunday pilgrimage of the men of the 101st Machine Gun Battalion during that busy, dreary, sunless winter we spent at Mont les Neufchateau.

We did not go back to our old winter headquarters. Many of our old friends must be gone. Our old friends are perhaps too old, our young friends were perhaps too young, to remember us.

Thoughtfully, and yes, sadly, we drove back to Paris.

Paris? Yes. But as Kipling was wont to say, "That is another story."

"Try in sidewise, mum," suggested the driver of a London cab, to an exceedingly fat woman who was trying in vain to squeeze into the vehicle.

"Lud bless ye, lad," she replied, "I ain't got no sideways."

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